

## GREATER CITY HOLDS WILD CELEBRATION AS PEACE COMES

MORGAN ON WINDOW LEDGE  
KICKS HEELS AS HE SHOWERS  
CROWD WITH TICKER TAPE

Wild Scenes in Financial District When News of Surrender Comes.

BROKER LEADS "VIVAS"

Stock Exchange Closes Half an Hour Early—Boom in All Peace Stocks.

J. P. Morgan with an armful of ticker tape sat on the window ledge of his office at No. 23 Wall Street and showered the crowd below when he heard of the surrender of Germany. He was laughing and kicking his heels like a school boy.

In the street below a portly broker stepped forth with a violin. (An investigation to find out where he got it is not yet finished.) Anyway, there he was with the fiddle—and he knew how to play it.

For around the corner came a street sweeper with his big steel dustpan, holding it by the wrong end and beating on it with a stick. That was all the drumming the broker needed, and he began to play.

Off the curb came three French soldiers. The street sweeper began to "vive." He lived American first, then Italy, then—sighting the soldiers—he lived the French as they had seldom been lived before. And the Frenchmen and the street sweeper joined hands in a ring around the raised formation. Into the middle of the ring crawled the broker with his fiddle, which he played while the ring danced. Morgan, from his perch, cheered the new Entente Cordiale of broker-sweeper-and-French-Navy.

Then about nine parades came around all available street corners and the dance adjourned. It was high time. For the street (like the Evening World reporter's affidavit for it) was literally knee deep with paper.

Nobody knows how many almanacs and telephone directories and check books and dictionaries and stenographers' notebooks were torn up to make that unparalleled blizzard.

Somebody found a big stock of perfectly good fireworks, including round candles, skyrockets and giant firecrackers. And streams of fire darted up through the canyons of the financial district. It was daylight, and the "rocket's red glare" was of rather low visibility, but that mattered not at all.

The street sweeper, deserted by his dancing partners, looked ruefully at the job that he and all the other sweepers will have to tackle presently. He looked at it ruefully only for a moment. Then he grinned.

Thronged of men and women swarmed around Broad and Wall Street. One man rushed to the top of the Sub-Treasury steps and with a wave of his hand silenced the crowd for a moment and then raised his voice in the opening notes of the Star Spangled Banner. The crowds took up the anthem and the notes went echoing down the canyons of finance.

Bedlam broke loose on the Stock

Exchange when the news of the surrender came. Peace stocks were bid up rapidly, with the rails leading. The exchange closed at 2:30 o'clock to celebrate the victory.

Gains in Northern Pacific stock ran to 7 points. Great Northern preferred gained 6 points. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific gained about 3 points each. Erie also gained 3 points, selling up to 21 1/4.

Motor stocks boomed. Willys-Overland gained 3 points. Studebaker 5 points and General Motors 7 points. New high records were made in U. S. Rubber, Tonnaco Products and American Smelters. Mexican Petroleum gained 13 points and American Sumatra advanced 3 points.

In the midst of the excitement many issues known as war stocks were sold heavily and their prices dropped. Bethlehem Steel declined nearly four points to a new low record of 60 1/2. Steel common dropped from a high of 104 1/2 to 100 1/2. All the shares were absorbed by a steady demand, however, and the undertone remained firm.

At the close, when the armistice news was questioned, war stocks had a moderate revival and most of the peace stocks receded from their most sensational advances.

**LIGHT BAN OFF FOR NIGHT;  
ALL CORNERS OF THE CITY  
ARE TO BE ILLUMINATED**

State Fuel Official Issues Statement Urging Every One to Turn on Lights in Celebration.

New York City—any place for that matter—can get the limit on light tonight.

The State Fuel Administrator says so. He asked permission of Washington to lift the ban here and word came back that so far as to-night is concerned there is no ban.

Mercer P. Moseley, Chief of Conservation here after hearing from Mr. Garfield in Washington said:

"We hope that every citizen in New York will turn every light he has on his premises. If he hasn't enough lights let him go and buy, beg or borrow some."

"The Fuel Administration believes that nothing should be done to dim the glory of the triumph of America and her allies."

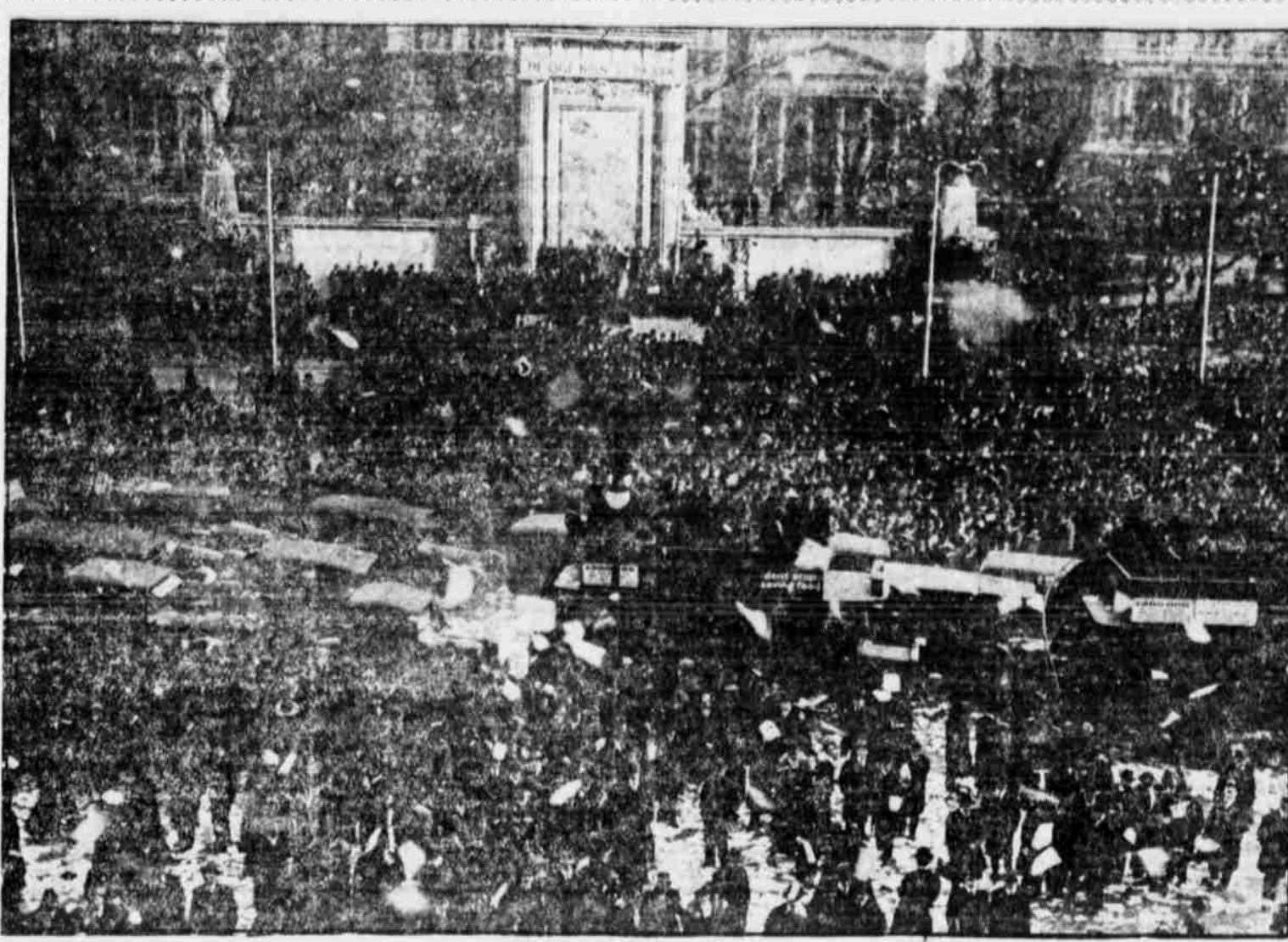
All the police reserves and all detectives will be on duty to-night to preserve a semblance of order in the White Light District, where the greatest demonstration in the history of the city is expected.

Commissioner Enright ordered that traffic regulations should be the same as they were on election night and asked that motorists keep out of the downtown district. Special precautions will be taken against pickpockets.

When the news reached Broadway there was a rush for theatre tickets for to-night's performances. Everywhere sell-outs were reported by 4 o'clock. The theatrical managers said they would turn the shows over to the audiences to-night. Cabarets and all dance halls hurriedly arranged for big celebrations.

When the news of Germany's acceptance of the armistice terms reached the Hippodrome, Manager Laucher ordered out the big playhouse band and a victory concert was given in the middle of Sixth Avenue.

## GREAT THROG PAYING TRIBUTE AT ALTAR OF LIBERTY

HUGE FIFTH AVENUE THROGS  
HOLD A WILD DEMONSTRATION

Fifth Avenue saw one of the greatest demonstrations ever witnessed on that thoroughfare. Traffic regulation was out of the question. The big cops stood helplessly by. Chauffeurs were honking their horns and the passengers were shouting and waving handkerchiefs and cheering. Girls employed in the shops along the avenue rushed out on the sidewalks and simply wouldn't, couldn't go back to work. Soldiers and sailors mingled with the throng and most of them eagerly grabbed for the news. Newsstands and newsboys did a thriving business with their extras. Men grabbed the papers from the boys and off the stands and left quarters for them, half dollars, one and two dollar bills. What was a little change on a day like this?

The steps of the Public Library on the avenue were thronged with men, women and children; the street in front of the building was a mass of pushing, jostling, crushing, cheering, good-natured humanity.

The hotels in the neighborhood were crowded. It was just at the noon hour and the dining rooms were filled mostly with women and pretty girls. The news came up from Park Row, and in the dining rooms of the Williams, Manhattan, Belmont and Murray Hill the orchestras struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Up to their feet sprang the diners. They didn't know what the occasion was—all of them. They guessed it and sang up their voices in the good old song. Then came the cheers and the hugging and the kissing. Many of the women at the Williams had come from out of town to see the last of their soldier sons before they went to France. Many of them had their sons with them. Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy!

Into the corridors from the streets the throngs poured, all singing, all shouting, all gloriously happy. One man, arrayed in the latest that fashion in men's wear could suggest, took a white handkerchief from his pocket and tied it to the end of his walking stick.

With his stick at shoulder arms and the white cambric waving from it, he marched out into Vanderbilt Avenue from the Belmonts. Men saw the flag of peace, signed its meaning and fell into line behind him. On they marched and when they reached the avenue, the column was four hundred strong. Down through that jam of Americans and allies they marched, the crowd giving way for them as they came. They were greeted with cheers and yells and hoots and groans and laughter.

The phone and telegram desks in the leading hotels were thronged like busy beehives. At the Williams one woman put in a long distance call for San Francisco to break the news to some other patriot fearing perhaps that New York was going to keep all the good news to itself.

A distinguished lot of Americans and foreigners were at the Williams, and they were just as happy and pleased, just as hilarious as joyful, on honey, as crazy as the lightest spirit down on Park Row.

"Splendid!" declared David Jayne Hill, former Ambassador to Germany, who with his wife is stopping at the Williams. Also there were in the lobby Prince Axel of Denmark and the Danish High Commissioner; the

Greek Archbishop and Greek Commissioner and Lieut. Col. W. A. Bishop, the Canadian Ace.

The siren on top of the unfinished Commodore Hotel was turned loose and all the workmen, about 2000 of them quit work. From the roof and the windows they joined in the demonstration that was on in the street below. Someone in a big, high building on Fifth Avenue turned a wastepaper basket upside down and the contents were sent floating through the air. In less than a minute there was a repetition of the snowstorm in Park Row, emblematic of the Kaiser's flag of peace.

GOLDEN VOICE OF CARUSO  
SWELLS IN VICTORY SONG  
TO CROWDS IN STREETS

Ah, Caruso! Glorious Caruso! The news reached the great tenor and recent Benedict in his suite in the Knickerbocker Hotel.

"Oh, great, oh, wonderful!" Caruso wanted to embrace everybody. He did embrace everybody in sight. But that wasn't enough to get at flight the great spirit coursing in his patriotic veins. He opened the window of his apartment and flung his arms out into Broadway.

The crowds below saw him and yelled his name. The tenor bowed, then laid his hands flat. Instantly praise was given to the hubbub in the street. Then Caruso sang with all the fervor in his heart, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Straight out, went the glorious notes on the glorious voice, and then he sang down to the crowd. The cars were stopped, automobiles were blocked, crowds massed in front of the hotel and traffic ceased.

Cheers went up to Caruso after the song was finished. He disappeared from the window for a moment, then came back with his arms full of flowers. By the handful he tore them from their holdings and showered them on the crowds. Men, women and children almost trampled one another in their eagerness to catch a flower. Then Caruso stood bowing and smiling and throwing kisses down to the throng below.

Great PARADE IN BRONX;  
THOUSANDS CELEBRATE  
IN THE STREETS THERE

Ten minutes after the Home Edition of The Evening World reached the Bronx, demonstrations and hostilities of all sorts and descriptions began in earnest. At the corner of 19th Street and Third Avenue, probably one of the busiest corners in the borough, a regular "old home week" type of celebration began.

Billy Graham, the sports promoter, Albert Goldman, connected with the Edison Illuminating Company, and Congressman-elect James H. Brady, urged the crowd into a magnificent parade. With two immense American flags preceding it, the marchers swept through the principal streets. As they passed, people from office buildings and roof tops hurled coins into the outstretched flag. This money will go to the United War Workers

NEW YORK CITY GOES WILD;  
THOUSANDS CHEER AND MARCH,  
SING AND DANCE IN STREETS

(Continued From First Page.)

over the Bow. They found an echo in the wider reaches of Greater New York.

Then the most remarkable spectacle of the day occurred. Some one turned loose from the windows of a skyscraper hundreds of bits of paper. In a moment every other skyscraper followed suit. Paper was torn from the tickers and shot out into the air. In less than a minute above City Hall Park, Park Row and along Broadway the sky was a mass of flying paper, for all the world like a fall of gentle snow.

The white paper was the symbol of Germany's flag of truce. The crowds caught the meaning at a glance and went crazy that ever with excitement. They yelled themselves hoarse. They sang and shouted. "Chaunticles" roared, their machines and the noise was like that of a bombardment.

A man came down into Park Row with a great big American flag and there were more cheers for the victory standard. While similar scenes were being played out all over the city.

"Follow me!" the man with the flag cried. He started out to City Hall Park, the crowds following in like the rears of the Lord Piper of Hamelin. Into Broadway they marched, the procession increasing at every step.

Thousands of men and women were in line, shouting hysterically, waving hats and handkerchiefs and bands, singing National songs, hooting Germany, shouting home, yelling for the boys over there and joining in the refrain, "When the Boys Come Home."

A great wave of joy surged through the crowds, and at the Williams Hotel, where the news reached there, and in less time than it takes to say "ho!" pandemonium broke loose all along the water front. Every craft that had anything that could make a noise joined in.

Soldiers and sailors were playing a game of ball in Battery Park but instantly they stopped and began cheering and dancing. In a delirium of joy they grabbed willing girls and waited them about. Windows were thrown open and heads popped out with wild yells while handkerchiefs and everything that could be waved were flung into the air.

At just this time the boat from Ellis Island landed, carrying a number of wounded soldiers. These boys became the center of a shouting crowd that made fair to smother them with embraces.

One soldier, carrying his rifle, held it out, shouting: "It's all over! We'll give fifty cents for this gun! I won't need it any more!"

"Gladly with joy!" best describes conditions on the East Side and lower section of the city during the afternoon. Relatives of the hundreds of boys in the service, unable to contain themselves, undertook to parade through the neighborhood, and informal receptions were held in the street. Industries of the lot build, pers shirt-down and themselves gave half day swelling the throng. Teachers, unable to control classes, dismissed in their pupils.

In the largely populated districts a spectacular touch was given the festivities by groups of aliens appearing in costume and a carnival spirit prevailed.

As soon as the news was flashed

MADISON SQUARE THROG PAYS  
TRIBUTE AT ALTAR OF LIBERTY

The news flashed into Madison Square, where a throng went wild in an instant. Then an inspiration guided the crowd which moved spontaneously to the Altar of Liberty, the altar where only a few days ago all the flags of all the Allies had been lifted to the breeze.

Immediately the altar's color was changed from white to black and white as men climbed to its summit and cheered. It was a sight without precedent. Out of the highest windows hundreds of thousands of bits of white paper were poured into the sunshine, and the chimneys of the Metropolitan Tower filled the air with their notes.

Then came the scream of the sirens

and the deeper notes of river craft from both sides of this giddy island.

Office buildings were deserted, but their roofs were not. A queer impulse seemed to make every man believe that the only way to express himself was to go up, up, up as high as possible. From the roof edges many miles of ticker tape were thrown overboard, but these too went upward before they floated down.

Down in the square, when the tumult was at its height, a pale woman pressed forward to the Altar of Liberty, lifted her arms above her head, then leaned against the altar.

"Thank God," she said.

She wore a service pin. The star was gold—a soldier who had died in battle.

"My son," she told the streamer who had come to her aid.

LONDON'S MAFKING NIGHT  
MAY BE ECLIPSED IN NEW YORK

London's celebration of the relief of Mafeking, the turning point of the Boer War, in 1900 was the climax of popular demonstrations up to that time. The Metropolis of the World, as London then was, became for a night a city crazed with excitement and delicious with joy.

Mafeking Night lives in English history as the one occasion when all the stolidity, the steadiness, the plodding unemotional character of the British was cast aside and the whole nation cut loose for a grand fling. It was a common saying that on

Mafeking Night there were five million people on the streets of London drunk with joy and with the bursting of long pent up emotions as with alcoholic stimulants.

All class barriers were broken down for the night, social distinctions were leveled and for once every man and woman in England mingled freely and exuberantly in the streets. New York, in its wildest demonstrations of election night, foot ball celebration or even Spanish war days, never equalled London's Mafeking Night for joyous demonstration.

New York will beat London tonight.

WOUNDED ON ELLIS ISLAND  
FORGET THEIR HURTS AND  
HOLD BIG VICTORY PARADE

One of the most pathetic and inspiring demonstrations of the day was witnessed on Ellis Island.

Within the last few days wounded American soldiers have been returning from the various fronts in France. From 1,200 to 1,500 of them were on the island, in the hospital, in wheel chairs, in cots and hobbling about on their walking sticks, when word filtered over from Manhattan that the Kaiser had quit.

Oh, then! How those boys, who had more right than anybody to cheer, did get up and yell. You couldn't keep them down. Their nurses couldn't hold them! In a few minutes they were in line. From somewhere they dug up a bass drum and several musical instruments. They had a band!

Then they marched out of quarters and around the island. Some of them were able to walk upright and they marched along with sticks on their shoulders. Those who couldn't get up were carried in their cots. Others were wheeled in their chairs. The doctors and nurses joined the procession. Never was such a parade seen anywhere; never such a demonstration on Ellis Island. And how those wounded soldiers did yell and shout and cheer and sing.

Then a crowd of the husky ones went into the dormitory and out of bed clothing they made a dummy Kaiser. From somewhere they got a headpiece which was the image of the "partner of Gott." Through the hospital and out into the grounds they again marched with the "Emperor of Nothing" on a stretcher. The band played a dirge and the doctors and nurses again marched with the gallant heroes of many fields over there.

They selected a lonely spot on the island for the interment and there with great ceremony and pomp, into a

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